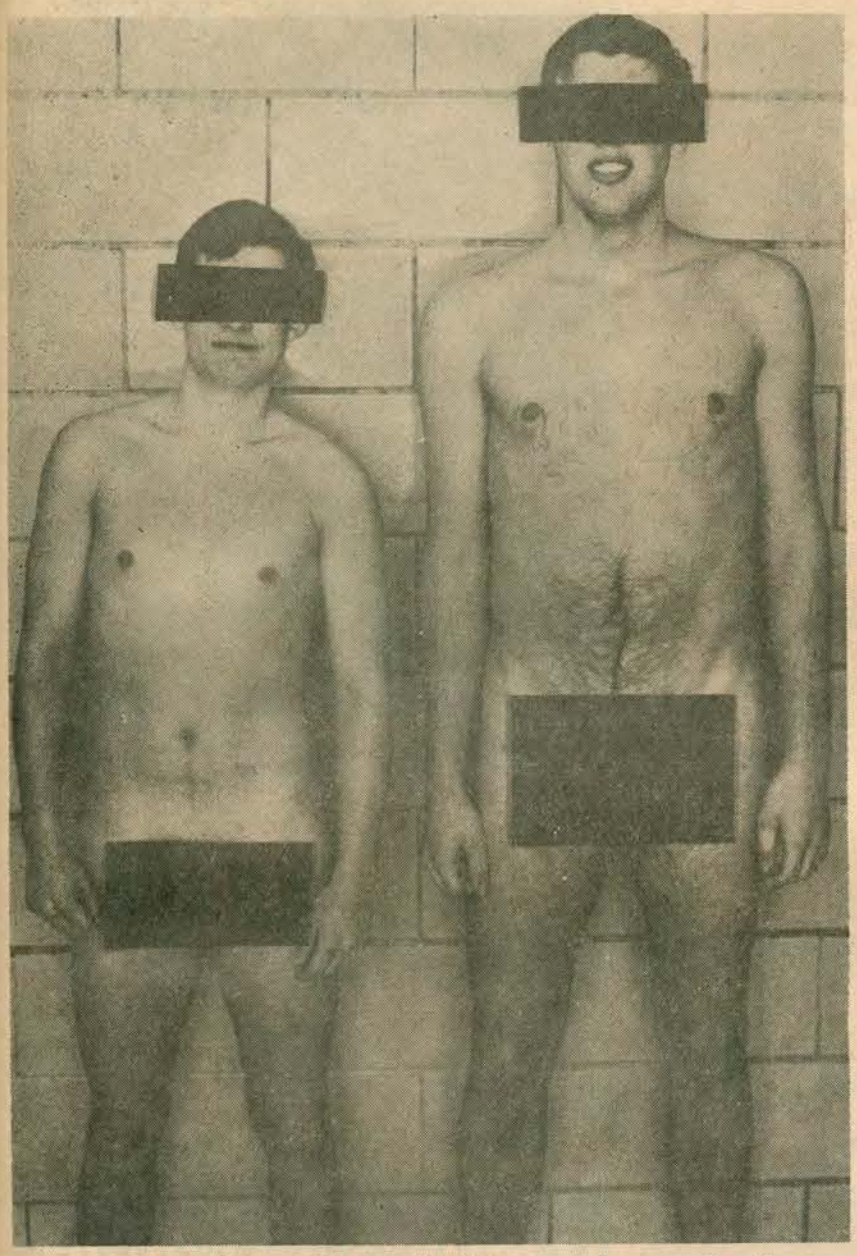
LOCAL
INQUISITOR
15c
Vol. 21, No. 15, February 23, 1968

Professor Commits Murder By Boring 20 to Death!

First Genital Transplant!



GENITALS TRANSPLANTED — medical history made at small college.

DR. WOE REPLACES ROTTING 'PRIVATES'

Student Gets New Lease On Love

HE DID IT — Dr. Lyin Woe.

DELUDES shows us his back side.

DELUDES shows us his front side.

Weird, Weird Mt. Vernon Baby Born Two-Faced And Still Lives!

by A.E.F. BEAUPRIS

WEIRD, WEIRD, WEIRD!!! A woman gave birth to a baby with two faces — AND IT LIVED!!!!!!

We rushed to Mt. Vernon, Virginia where little Badley De Ludes was quietly playing on his mother's three knees. We asked Mrs. De Ludes if weird birth defects appeared often in her family tree and still lived. She informed us by sign language that her son, Badley, was the only one. We asked if we could talk to the youngster, and she nodded permission.

INCREDIBLE — in answering our simple questions Badley De Ludes alternated mouths with each word in talking to us. We asked him if he had to do this; and this is his WEIRD REPLY: "No! I do not have to do it. I trained myself to talk in this manner for vocational reasons."

We do not know at this time what little Badly De Ludes is going to be when he finally grows up, but we know he'll always be two-faced.

TWO-FACED BABY'S parents were shocked that he actually lived.

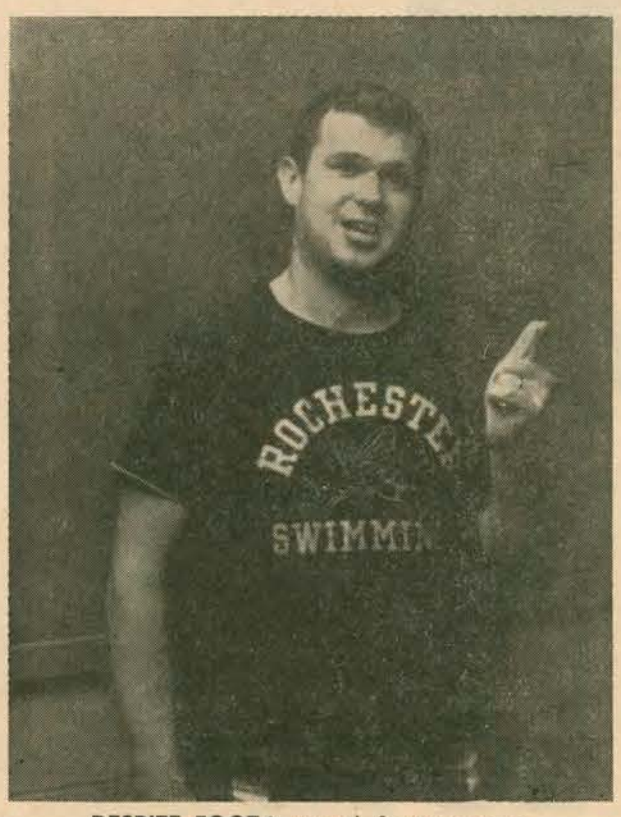
Man Has Foot In Mouth For 2 Years and Lives

Profane Coach Still Cusses Despite Foot

ASTOUNDING ! . . . BUT TRUE ! ! Erect MacDildo, ROTC and breaststroke coach at tiny Handliton College, kept his right foot in his mouth for two years. Coach MacDildo started out his foot-in-mouth career last year when he embarked on his Master's Thesis, a practical study to determine what particular kind of verbal abuse would best further the instruction of sports, with special attention to the four-letter word and the ethnic slash.

MacDildo found certain key phrases and words to be of great effectiveness, and, BELIEVE IT OR NOT ! ! ! ,his teams went on to winning seasons under their coach's deft fingers. MacDildo's revolutionary discovery that, contrary to popular belief in most gym departments, dirty jokes and obscene gestures make for better *esprit de corps,* has jolted Handliton's Administration out of its smug, top-ranked small school complacency.

BUT GET THIS — Coach MacDildo was able to heap all this abuse, tell all those stories, and defend our country from Communist invasion with his foot still firmly implanted in his mouth.



DESPITE FOOT in mouth for two years, McDildo lived to damn everyone.

Upon hearing about this truly amazing MAN I went to Handliton in an effort to talk to him before he ended his fantastic 2-year stunt. I thought he was merely a showman — that is until the interview.

Damns Commie Campus Queers As Un-American

"Well you see, sir," Coach MacDildo shyly admitted, "I am keeping my foot in my mouth as a protest against the presence of the high school recruiters in the Admissions Office. All they seem to attract is left-wing queers, and until our new President, I think his name's Weber, bans these recruiters I will continue, with the help of God and my big mouth, to remain a living symbol of Americanism, Manhood, and the Handliton Gym Department."

We blushed with shame when we heard these patriotic words from this obviously misunderstood Teacher. Unhappily his fine symbolic act ended tragically.

Just before we went to press I received the flash that Coach Erect MacDildo died, having choked to death on a five-letter word. His epitaph, scrawled on the side of the first stall in the Gym men's room, reads as a solemn tribute to his great leadership and moral turpitude. "Good-by, Coach, wherever you is!"

Strange Scientist Reveals:

Why I Need Fruit to Live

by BILL STUDEBAKER

Doctor Confesses: 'I Do All Kinds Of Nutty Things Without Apples'

BIZARRE BUT REAL!!! DR. HEN PECKER, public relations officer for the Handliton College biology department, HAS A WEIRD DISEASE WHICH, IN ORDER TO STAY ALIVE, FORCES HIM TO EAT A BUSHEL OF APPLES EVERY DAY OF HIS LIFE!!!

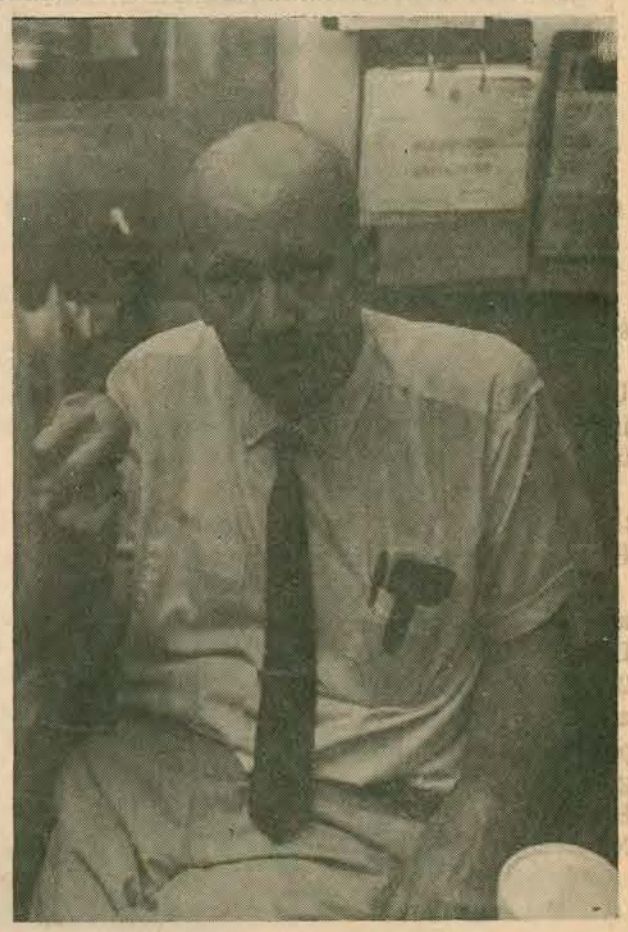
When word of this sick man reached us, we dispatched our science editor to rustic Linton, New York. He managed to interview Pecker who that day was also being interviewed by the Butte, Montana *Animal Husbander*, the Swoyerville, Pennsylvania *Daily Yenta*, and numerous papers which Pecker invented.

"I HAVE A DISEASE WHICH EATS AWAY MY BRAIN AND I DO ALL KINDS OF CRAZY THINGS IF I DON'T EAT MY APPLES. WHY JUST YESTERDAY I IMAGINED THAT TWO OF MY STUDENTS WERE ENGAGED IN WEIRD RESEARCH PROJECTS WHICH, IN ACTUALITY, THEY NEVER HEARD OF.

Dr. Pecker, munching 3 apples at once, told us of his first attempts to stave off this dread ailment with scientific knowledge and experimentation. According to him all medical efforts failed, so he has resorted to his own weirdo tactics.

When asked if he ever tired of the forbidden fruit, he replied that he has always loved the red and yellow balls and that as a kid, he had always loved to twist them while saying "she loves me, she loves me not, she loves me, she loves me not, etc., etc."

However, when the *Inquisitor* arrived at Pecker's office, he had just finished twisting a bag full of apples and was muttering something like "I will get publicity, I won't get publicity, I will get publicity, I will, I will, I will, I will! He seems to have changed his tune! Weird but true!



APPLES, APPLES, APPLES is all Hen PECKER ever thinks about. The publicity crazy, perhaps just plain crazy, "scientist" is seen here fondling one of his cherished forbidden fruit while singing "I will get publicity, I will get publicity, I will, I will, I will, I will, I will!"

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we can make you STOP SMOKING in just 6 weeks

You know the facts about cigarette smoking.
Still you haven't been able to give up the habit.

All right — we'll bet you $4.95 we can make you taper off gradually . . . then stop smoking altogether in just 6 weeks.

Here's the background on why we are willing to make this bet.

Smoking is a habit. If you try to break the habit all at once, the sudden change may be too much for you. Your body will hunger for the psysico-chemical reactions derived from smoking. This sudden "cold-turkey" attempt at quitting just doesn't work for many people. But there's another way, which gives your will power an assist. It's really a slow "weaning" process. There is no sudden topping but rather a very gradual tapering off. **gradually — Then Stop Smoking Altogether in Just 6 Weeks.** And it's all based on a beautifully styled, precision-engineered cigarette holder called **Count-Down** which is designed to help men and women **cut down ever so gradually** on the amount of smoke inhaled until finally they're off smoking completely.

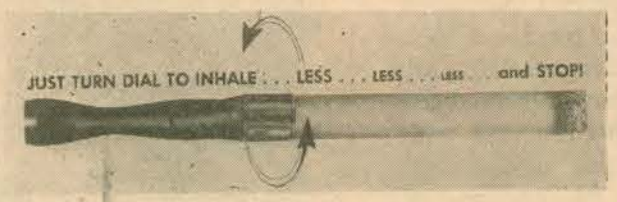
The Count•Down® Cigarette Holder

The **Count-Down Cigarette** Holder is a scientifically designed, patented product. It is precision-engineered to an accuracy of 1/1,000 of an inch. Its key feature is a **dial** with various "smoke" settings — 100% — 80% — 60% — 40% — 20% — 0%. If you set the dial at "100", you get 100% smoke. Twist the dial to "80" and you get 80% smoke and 20% cool, smoke-free air and so on. Thus by simply turning the dial you can gradually cut down on the concentration of the smoke you inhale. In addition, this precision product contains a delicate double-valve system to give an even "pull" on your cigarette at every setting.

The Count•Down Program to Taper Off Gradually — Then Stop Smoking Altogether in Just 6 Weeks.

To taper off smoking gradually, set the Count-Down holder at 100 and use it for one full week at this setting. The second week, set it at 80. Then at 60 for the third week — 40 for the fourth week — 20 for the fifth week — and finally click the dial to zero for the sixth week — and you're off smoking! Thereafter, whenever you get the "urge", do your "smoking" with the dial at zero. The whole secret is in cutting down gradually to such a dilute concentration of smoke that when you actually do cease smoking, it's not such a shock to your system.

You purchase one Count•Down Cigarette Holder for just $4.95 and follow the **Count•Down Program to Taper off Gradually — Then Stop Smoking Altogether** for 6 weeks (you don't have to give up a single cigarette while you're tapering off). Our bet is that when you've completed the program you'll stay "weaned" from cigarette smoking. If you do, we'll keep the $4.95 you paid for the Count•Down Cigarette Holder — you don't owe us another cent. However, if you go back to cigarette smoking again — just send us the enclosed Guaranteed Card within 4 months after we ship you your holder **and we'll send you back your $4.95!** You don't even have to return the precision-engineered Count•Down Cigarette Holder. How can we afford to make such a bet? We believe you'll play fair and square with us if we help you break "the habit." Order a Count • Down Cigarette Holder today. You have nothing to lose and **EVERYTHING** to save



U.S. Patent No. 3,270,751, and many foreign countries

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Order for friends or loved ones too. 2 for $8.90, 3 for $12.95. Same bet applies. Please send ( ) Holders. I enclose $..... or bill my Diners Club Account No. .....
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Gentlemen: I enclose $4.95 cash, check or money order. Please send me one Count•Down Cigarette Holder. If I do not give up cigarette smoking after completing **The Count•Down Program to Taper Off Gradually — Then Stop Smoking Altogether in Just 6 Weeks,** I will return the enclosed Guarantee Card within 4 months from the date you ship my holder and you agree to refund to me the full purchase price. The Count•Down Cigarette Holder is mine to keep even if I get a refund.

-Personals-

Do people rub you the wrong way? Let me rub you the right way. And the left way. For the fingers you love to have touch you, let me be your trainer. Contact: Gene Extended, care of the Sweathouse.

Jeff, come back. WE NEED YOU. You're the pot for our chicken. You're the trip for our car. You're the acid for our base. Come back, or we'll lose our heads ! ! !

Wanted—a nice Jewish girl. Must like long hair, beards, and Negro servants. Contact: V. D. Rogers.

Wanted—gigantic can of Draino for the Chi Sty House. Contact: DEKE.

Amnesia victim wants to know if he's Chairman of Geology Department. Write to Donald Blotter, % the Sig House.

Missing: pair of high black boots, riding crop, fur coat, and chain suitable for whipping college president. Wire: College Fire Marshall.

Big, fat ivy-league law graduate desires to meet college students who dress and talk just like him. Object: snobbery. Write to Buttrick Basement.

Beat me. Kick me and whip me. Stomp on my head. I will still yell that I love you. Help me. Badley De Ludes.

Can anyone love a paranoid with delusions of grandeur? I actually believe I am chairman of an academic department like English or somehting. Print big to: Much Wetter, % Lisle.

I will smoke in anybody's dorm but mine. Call me anytime at the Associate Dean's office if you want to confess anything. Beater Bluquirk.

I have the power. Do you have the throne? Real expertise in keeping students from graduating. Call Clawdya Man Bike, % the Gin.

I sold my soul; now I'll sell my store. If you like to gouge students and hold anxious faculty in the itchy palm of your hand, this is the emporium for you. Call only when I'm in a good mood. Methyl Creamon.

Want to scare prospective Handliton students with sheer ill-humor. Contact: any secretary in the Admissions Office.

I must have two young, handsome, rich boys rooming in my home next year. Slyvia Lauders.

PROBLEMS WITH HANDLITON BIG-WIGS??? Keep getting the bad breaks??? I am on best terms with anybody who COUNTS ! ! ! Can drop the good word at the right time. Easy terms, months to pay. WRITE MICHELANGELO ZODOKS, ESQ., LINTON, N.Y.

Nurse Discloses: Donor Comes In Stiff As a Board Board As a Stiff

by KEEN NORELATE

Amazing but true! Vital organ transplants are here to stay, or so says Dr. Lyin Woe, a small college physician.

Dr. Woe, the health czar at Handliton College in Linton, N.Y., someplace close to Uterca, disclosed last week that he had successfully performed the first gential transplant in history. When queeried, Woe revealed all the astounding details surrounding the amazing feat.

Woe said he first got the idea when students came to him complaining of ailments of their "privates," as Woe coquettishly referred to them. The debauched and sinful life most Handlitin students had led resulted in the rotting away of many a Wells girl's dream.

It was late Monday night and college nurse Heavy Hand Letchard was on duty when at 2 a.m. the doors burst open and, Mite Bruise, writhing in pain was wheeled into the surgery theatre of the Thomas Brown Dudd Health Center. Nurse Letchard knew what was missing immediately, and took quick action.

After putting an urgent call to Woe at the Vernon Dowds stables, Letchard sent out an impassioned call for donors. Boring M. E. Richardson, Gristle Prof. of Dullness and a friend of many answered the call.

"Golly, gee whiz, wow, kick me when I'm down, that's international relations, this reminds me of the time when I was playing tennis in Kulawa Lampur with the Bishop of Swat and the Maharano Ho-HO-Kus when the Bishop of Swat lost his Dunlops. In short, I have a man with the gland for you, in fact I have twenty. (See article p. 4). Woe, thrilled with the prospect of the impending history-making operation raced to the Dudd Health Center. As he arrived, the donor, stiff as a board and bored as a stiff (see p. 4) was being wheeled in. "I knew in an instant," Woe exulted, "what had to be done — the first genital transplant in history!" Six hard hours later, Woe and Letchard emerged breathless from the gory but triumphant scene.

DUDD HEALTH CENTER was the bloody scene of the historic transplant operation.

GLANDON ROCKS has promised the genitalia needed for Handliton's new Handliton National Genital Transplant Bank. Rocks is pictured here commenting on the transplant — "the summits and plateaus and in additions to . . . "

Yet it was a solemn moment, for we must never forget the one who gave his awl so that another could live. The name of the government major, a member of Ky Sty, could not be revealed, but his gift of life will be a cherished part.

Woe, commenting on the miraculous operation, revealed later that he had been experimenting on horses in an effort to perfect this much needed survival technique. "I started out as a taxidermist," Woe admitted, "after receiving my B.U.M. in tree surgery, but I have always been fascinated with medicine." Discontented with merely pursuing the "healing art" as a hobby, Woe applied for the position of the head of the Dudd Center.

It was at Handliton that Woe came into first-hand contact with the problems of genital decay. "Government majors," said Woe, "were always coming to me with the same problem, year after year after year after year." Woe put two and two together and got one. "If I can do this to horses, why can't I do this to students, I figured?" said Woe. And he did!

DR. LYIN WOE is pictured here galloping to the Dudd Health Center to perform the first genital transplant in history.

Woe Tries Transplant On Horse's Parts First

Handliton College rejoiced at the success of the Dudd venture. Government Chairman, Glandon Rocks, exclaimed, "As I look down the snow-covered slopes of the mountains of our successes, not to mention the feedback of such analyses, the data appears, to me, to reveal a clear-cut trend among Handliton students to contract diseases resulting from man being not only a political animal but also a social animal, etc., etc., and in addition to." Professor Rocks, happy that some good has finally come out of his department, finally went on to say that government majors will continue to serve the college

(Continued on Page 6)

SHE TOOK THE SITUATION IN HAND and knew what had to be done immediately. Nurse Heavyhand Letchards is seen here basking in the glory she so deservedly deserves for her quick thinking and ready assistance.

Amazing Dog Smokes, Talks!

WEIRDER THAN LIFE!!!

BIG, BLACK DOG ON HANDLITON COLLEGE CAMPUS SMOKES AND DROPS NAMES.

When we heard of this WEIRD dog we dropped everything and rushed to see this human-like creature. We found it sitting cross-legged on a throne in the basement of historic-modern Quirkland Hall. There, surrounded by numerous mementoes of himself, the dog, Hot Toddy, talked about himself for 6 hours. Finally, tempting him with a pack of Camels, we cajoled him into telling us about some of the famous canines he'd known.

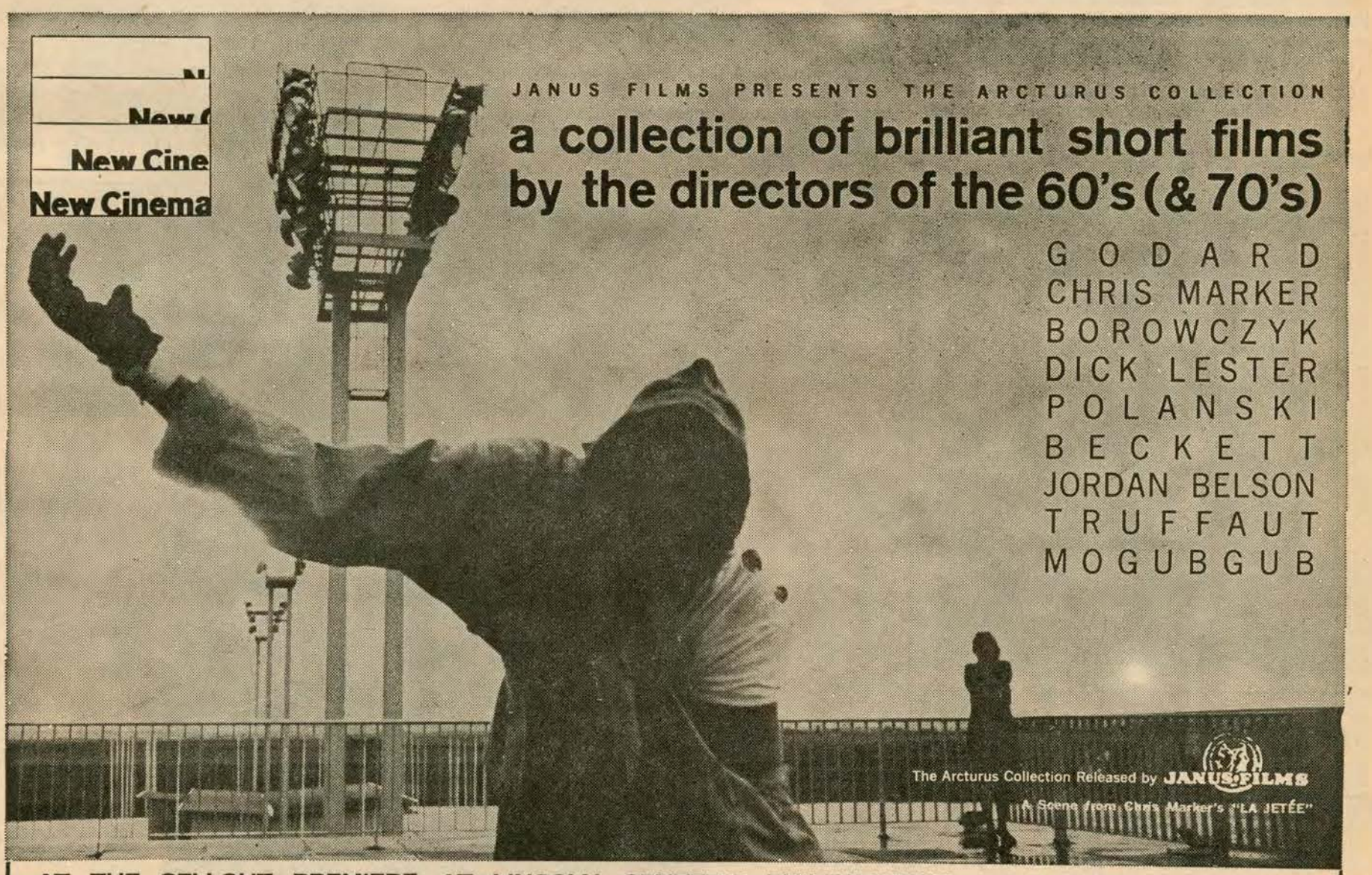
"Oh yes," he boasted, "I knew them all — Lassie, Rinny, Falla, Little Beagle Johnson, and Romulus and Remus." Aren't those last two wolves, we asked. Not taken aback for an instant Hot Toddy replied, "Considering that half the things I say aren't true anyway, 2 out of six ain't so bad."

We inquired as to what his most memorable experience with a famous dog had been. "Well, Checkers, I guess," the mongrel mused, "I debated with him on television once or four times."

Wait a minute, we protested, who do you think you are, Jack Kennedy? In a thick Boston accent Hot Toddy informed us that there would be no more discussion if we insisted on argumentation.

We said good-bye to this amazing dog that smokes and drops names and, stepping gingerly on the newspaper spread all over his office, found ourselves out in the hall.

As we were leaving the building, Makeme B. Witless, Instructor in Neurosis, ran up to us yelling, "Have you been speaking to Mr. Godd?" We said no and that we had spoken to his pooch instead. He asked us how we knew how to tell them apart, explaining that they both always put on the dog.



AT THE SELLOUT PREMIERE AT LINCOLN CENTER'S PHILHARMONIC HALL THE CRITICS SAID:

"Santa Claus Came 49 Weeks Early" — *Judith Crist, WORLD JOURNAL TRIBUNE*

"Extremely Worthwhile" — *CUE MAGAZINE*

"An Excellent Cross-Section" — *CBS*

"Like a Breath of Fresh Air" — *BOSTON GLOBE*

PROGRAM NO. 1

Enter Hamlet Fred Mogubgub, U.S.A.
Renaissance Walerian Borowczyk, Poland
Les Mistons '67 Francois Truffaut, France
Running, Jumping, and Standing Still Film Richard Lester, England
Two Castles Bruno Bozzetto, Italy
The Fat and the Lean Roman Polanski, Poland
Corrida Interdite Denys Colomb de Daunant, France
Allures Jordan Belson, U.S.A.
La Jetée Chris Marker, France

PROGRAM NO. 2

Concert of M. Kabal Walerian Borowczyk, Poland
All Boys Are Named Patrick Jean-Luc Godard, France
Ai! Yoji Kuri, Japan
Act Without Words Guido Bettiol, France
Actua-Tilt Jean Herman, France
Do-It-Yourself Cartoon Kit Bob Godfrey, England
The Games of Angels Walerian Borowczyk, Poland
The Apple George Dunning, England
The Most Richard Ballentine and Gordon Sheppard, Canada

These motion pictures have collectively won almost every major short film award in the world, including:
Mannheim Festival — Golden Ducat; Venice Film Festival — Silver Lion of St. Mark; F.I.P.R.E.S.C.I. (International Film Critics' Association) — 1st Prize; Oberhausen Festival of the Short Film — First Prize; Prix Simon Debreuilh (Mannheim — Best Short Film of the Year's Festivals; Mar del Plata; Bilbao; Leipzig Festivals; San Francisco Film Festival — Golden Gate Award; International Experimental Film Competition; International ...ation of Cine Clubs Prize; Tours Festival of the Short Film — Special Jury Prize; London Film Festival Selection; New York Film Festival Select... ...es Film Festival — Official French Entry; Official Belgian Entry; Annecy Festival of the Animated Film — Special Jury Prize; Bergamo Festival of Fil... — Diploma; Trieste Festival of Science Fiction Films — Grand Prize; Prix JEAN VIGO — French Film Critics' Award; Cracow Festival of the Short ...lan — 1st Prize of International Technical Industry of the Cinema; Melbourne Film Festival — 1st Prize.

Startling Saga: Thick Stupor Straddles Fence Two Years

by JILL CARTON

In the 40's it was goldfish swallowing, in the 50's it was flagpole sitting, and in the 60's it seems to be fence straddling. AMAZING BUT TRUE ! ! ! — Recently at a small Amherst-like (sorta the Williams type; trying to be like Wesleyan with a zero endowment; with just a dash of Haverford) college, Thick Stupor, Speaking but not Acting President of the debt-ridden institution, broke the world's record for fence straddling, formerly held by Dwight D. Eisenhower.

For the longest year-and-a-half in Handliton College's history, Stupor straddled a white picket fence in a three-piece, Brooks Brothers, 1937 club suit. The presidential multi-split personality began his fence straddling fiasco with a convocation speech which, most observers observed, would push him off the fence to the left, but Stupor managed, in numerous repetitions of the same speech, to also lean to the right.

STRANGER THAN FICTION, BUT FACT ! ! ! !

Badley Deludes, who last year impaled himself on a similar fence in an apparent effort to curry student rice, reportedly said, "Although I had nothing to do with Stupor's fence stradddling, I support it completely."

A petition signed by over 300 students and faculty urging Stupor to get off his fence was spurned by him as representative of, in his own words, "only a teeny, tiny, eeny, weeny minority." After this setback, students were recruited in an all-out effort to get him off his fence because the college was going to pot. Couper barred these recruiters, and, calling for his armed trusties, yelped, "Hey, while you're up, get me Grant."

Stupor's wife also appealed to him to stop straddling and get back to purging student leaders. "How can I edit," she cried. "*The Compleat Nastie Letters of Poor Thick Stupor* unless you get off to help me!" Mrs. Stupor hied herself off to the Stupor National Bank to enlist the aid of Stupor's daddy, Rich Stupor.

But nothing availed until, fresh from Dilliams College, young, debonair, irrepressable, boyish John Measley Handler arrived and knocked Stupor off the fence. "For a year-and-a-half I straddled this fence with pride," whimpered Stupor, "doing nothing until you came along."

Now, Stupor will have to watch another who may challenge and break his record. Asked about his future plans, Stupor told **The Inquisitor** "I'm not sure yet. I'd like an innocuous job somewhere. But you can be sure of one thing," he said, "I'll still contnue doing nothing."

FENCE WHERE Thick Stupor performed his amazing straddling trick for a long, long, awfully long one and a half years until John Measley Panhandler came along from Dilliams College to push him off and begin his own stint in the prickly position.

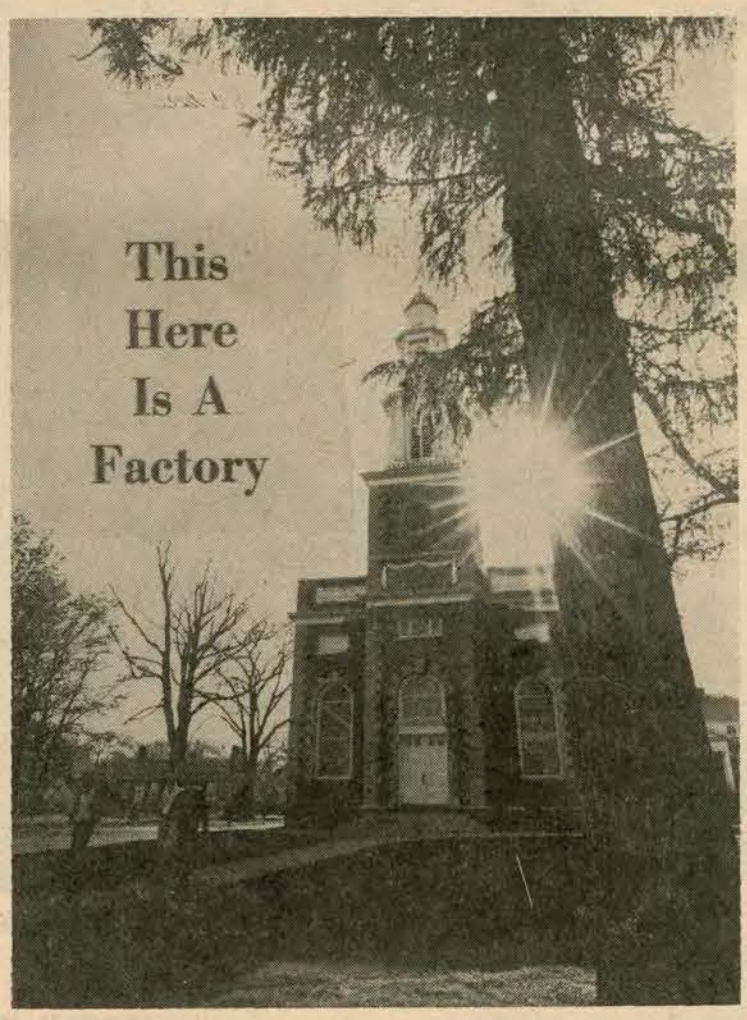
Genital Switch Turns Student on

(Continued from Page 4)

in this unselfish, selfless, and generous manner.

Sidney B. Wasinher, Leavenbread Professor of Money, upon hearing of Dr. Lyin Woe's fantabulous luck as well as Rock's altruistic offer of an unlimited supply of government genitals, proposed the immediate establishment of the Handliton National Genital Bank. "They're just like eyes, and since there's a demand and a supply we have an economic situation, you see."

After anly one day in the recovery room, Bruise was a new man and back on the road to Caz. Slightly bowlegged and proud as a young rooster, Bruise commented, "How can I ever thank that namesless Ky Sty, who, due to his choice of major, made the ultimate sacrifice for me and my house." As Bruise left the Dudd Center, Dr. Woe proclaimed paternally to the young rejuvenated mad-cap, "May your genitalia never fail ya!"



Yes by Gosh! Some people would have us build a factory here; little do they know that it really is a factory already!

Handliton College is a teeny weeny little old men's school in Linton, N.Y., somewhere outside of Uterca. And boy are we broke! We pride ourselves in upholding old traditions of education and all that, but when you're broke, what can you do? You can't possibly get good professors anymore — what good professors would get involved with such a place?

This is why we have become a factory. Our second rate staff has created assembly line-type education that turns out graduates by the hundreds. The staff piles on the work and does none itself, and that's efficiency for ya.

"Education" is just a sham word around here, ha, ha, because we are really trying to make a buck to stay alive.

This is why we're selling the college chapel. We need the money badly and since this building is never used for much at all, why not unload it?

Perhaps your business could use a warehouse, or maybe you would like to make a cafeteria out of it. The location is lousy, but cute. If you're not dumb enough to give money — maybe you could make a profit with this building. We couldn't. And God knows we tried.

Contact: Thick Stupor
Handliton College
Linton, N.Y.

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Now Only
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STYLE 1241 — "A" LACEY SHIFT: Same as above. Has Cowl collar, no sleeves. $6.88.

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STYLE 4512 — ZIG-ZAG KNIT SHIFT: In a mod multi-colored printed Bonded 100% cotton knit. Kissed with foam and bonded to acetate. Back zipper. A-line darts. Wrinkle free, dry clean. In multi-colored zig-zag. **Sizes: 9 to 17, 10 to 18, 14½ to 22½. Sale price $6.88.**

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Spy Reveals: Demented Trio Preys on Rats For 'Research'!

HIS BAG IS RATS and "scientist" Homer is seen here sadistically touching one of the defenseless animals.

by BOB WELCH

(INCREDIBLE BUT TRUE ! ! ! IT WAS LIKE OUT OF A HORROR STORY WHEN ALL THE WHITE RATS AT HANDLITON COLLEGE REVOLTED AGAINST THEIR CRUEL AND SADISTIC KEEPERS !

Phone calls poured into the Linton Police Department when word leaked out from the pinko college atop the Hill this week than Handliton's Phrenology Department forced students to engage in weird and perverse experiments with rodents.

Late at night strange cries and screams can be heard emanating from the Manna Christian Science Center. Shrieks of joy and pain pierce the cold, black air as mysterious shadows glide swiftly back and forth, framed in the dimmly lit windows.)

One of the *Local Inquisitor's* ace reporters managed to secret himself inside the brown-walled laboratories to spy on the mysterious doings, and, cleverly disguising himself as an Alpha Felt — grey flannel suit and yamulke — approached the head doctor.

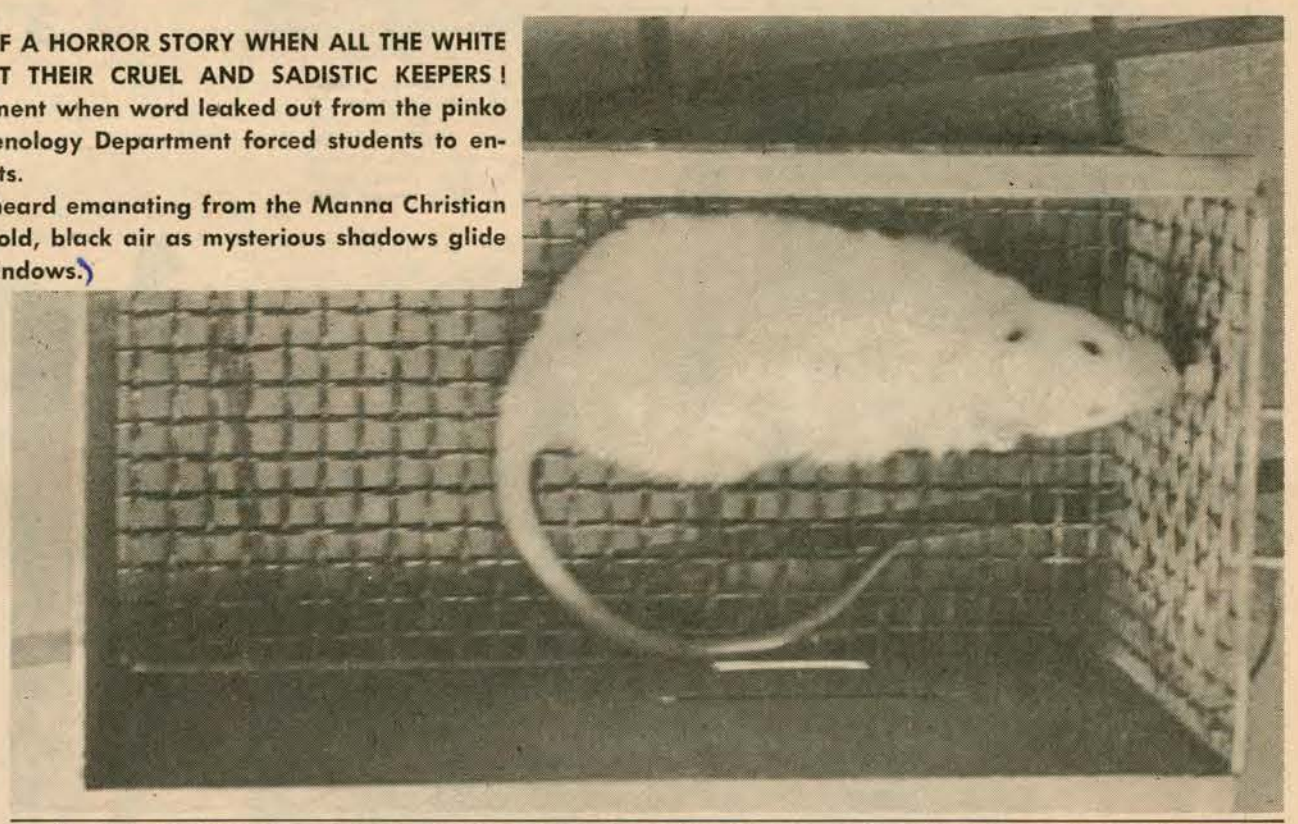
Wearing black bra and panties under his white lab coat, Dr. Chuck Godchuck put the rats through their paces. The little four-legged animals were shocked, starved, and mutilated in the name of "science" by Godchuck and his two evil associates — Homer and Jethro.

YES, STRANGE BUT TRUE! WEIRDER THAN WEIRD!

Apparently most of the rats had been cruely and sadistically beaten and tortured for years because the strain of all this was written all over their little pointed faces. They looked haggard and beaten, BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE!

Their spirit had not been completely broken yet! The hate in their eyes was their strength — like that often seen in wounded animals — WOUNDED ANIMALS! And there was one rat, a rat that wasn't about to take any more of

WEIRDO SCIENTIST Dr. Chuck Godchuck loved to torture rats before the rebellion.



Fiendish Doctor Leads Sadist Ring

Godchuck's BALOGNA! He was a very angry young rat. But more about that later.

Disguised as simply an Alpha Felt, the *Inquisitor* reporter, just acting as if he was hanging around and doing nothing, began asking weirdo Godchuck the questions that would reveal everything!

"Well, yes, we do torture and shock them a lot — but in this business of behavorial phrenology, that's what we have to do! We make the little beasts behave and see if they can be as psychological as possible. Besides, it's fun and . . . say, what's it to you anyway?" Godchuck asked.

Before he could go on, Homer and Jethro interupted with what they had to say about all this. "We are phrenalogists," they said proudly, "therefore, we have to play around with these rats to determine what is normal behavior in order to apply that knowledge to man and make everything good — and if you hang around much longer asking personal questions, we'll put you on the rack and shock you and see if we can make you normal! So beat it stupid!

"Yeah, if you don't like it get out," added Godchuck, "what's it to you anyway?"

"I'll show you what's it to me anyway," our enraged and righteous rat-releiving reporter screamed. AND THEN IT HAPPENED! Our reporter looked at the angry young rat leader, and those beady little eyes looked right back at him — AND THEY BOTH KNEW WHAT HAD TO BE DONE!!!!

Our reporter pushed Godchuck, Homer and Jethro into an empty orangutang cage, then knocked over all the rat cages — FREEING ALL THE TORTURED RATS AT LAST!

Later, somewhere underground, in an exclusive interview with the rat rebellion leader, the *Inquisitor* reporter reported what the rat ratted.

I'I hate that Chuck Godchuck," said the rat sarcastically, "as you can well imagine — all of us hate him to death." AND THEY REALLY DID TOO!

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Miss Inquisitor

America's first sex change answers your most intimate questions on love and marriage. Miss Inquisitor, in real life a Wells College guidance counselor, underwent Dr. Ridiculous Geritol's famous switcheroo operation in the Manna Science Wing at Handliton College, and now gives advice to students at said school.

Dear Miss Inquisitor,

When I first arrived at this itty btty men's college, I was desolate at the lack of female companionship! I used to have wild sexual fantasies every night to make up for my huge horns. After months of this frustration I suddenly discovered that my roomie was kinda cute! He's 6'2", blue eyes, blond hair, and *very* well endowed. He also has a hump on his back, a club foot, dandruff, acne, and a four-colored aerial view of Holland-Patent tattooed on his luciously hairy back. At first these weird abnormalities turned me off, but now I find it quite endearing!!!

My problem is that my roomie does not feel for me as I feel for him, although I've tried to please him in every way. What should I do??!

Desolate

Say fella,

Obviously you have a big problem. Perhaps you should have a five-color aerial view of New York tattooed on your chest to impress your friend and win him over. If this fails, suggest to the college officials that they build a co-ordinate women's school across the road. Good luck!

Dear Miss Inquisitor,

I have a little problem that maybe you can help me with. I go to an insignificant tiny old man's school somewhere in the U.S.A. When I say "somewhere" I really mean "nowhere," but that's besides the point right now! My problem is simply that I can't remember what a girl is! Can you tell me what a girl is so that if I ever see one again I'll know it?

Puzzled

Deer Puzzled,

Boy! you really do have a little problem there! Well, to begin with, girls wear girl's shoes, girl's hair, and girl's underpants, all of whch are not like yours at all—I hope. Besides that, girls smell different and talk funny, and act weird during certain phases of the moon. Any other questions, DUMMY!?

Dear Miss Inquisitor,

I think you are a hateful stupid slut! How could you change your sex like that. Didn't you like being a girl, or what? You are immoral and gross, and if I ever see you I'll vomit on you and your books and your room and everything!

Turned-Off

Dear Turned-Off,

You found me fairly attractive last night—QUEER!

Dear Miss Inquisitor,

My bag is pot. I'm on the stuff day and night, day and night. Why, just the other day I saw a purple cow taking a shower in the gym! Before that, I even saw a Handliton College professor being interesting! What that stuff won't do to ya, right!? My question to you, you groovy little thing you, is should I continue on the stuff, or graduate to hash?

Pothead

Dear Pothead,

I suggest that you graduate to hash. You might even see two, yes TWO, Handliton professors being interesting! Rots a ruck!

Dear Miss Inquisitor,

I am having a little affair with a faculty member's wife here at this little men's school. There's no problem with the affair. The problem is, her husband and I both have 8:00 o'clocks', and the point is he is my professor! If that sounds funny to you, it isn't. My question is, should I fail for him or for her? Please help!

Failing Fast

Dear Failing Fast,

I recommend that you drop her and pick up one whose husband has 9:00 o'clocks'. Be discreet or get yourself a harpie, they're always hanging around.

Dear Miss Inquisitor,

I am applying to Quirkland College. That may be strange enough in itself, but I have another problem too! I've heard strange rumors about Quirkland's President, Sam Rabbitt. Is it true that the last name implies anything that a young girl like me might be wary of? Please confirm or deny!

Wary Girl

Dear Wary,

I confirm.

I Am Ugly

"I'M 50 YEARS OLD AND I'M NOT BEAUTIFUL ANYMORE. I JUST WANT TO DIE. I PUT SHOE POLISH ON MY SIDEBURNS, SPEND HOURS PLAYING GOLF, AND EVEN WEAR MAKE-UP. BUT STILL I LOOK WRINKLED AND ANCIENT."

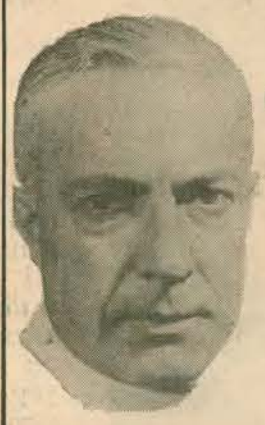
So spoke Fondled Bones, perrenial Associate Professor of Glamour at Handliton College. Bones, was interviewed reclining on the seventh green at the school links, dressed nattily in a triple breasted blue blazer, gray tights, Mr. Adler's socks, and, remarkabley enough for a gym teacher, loafers. He looked superficially young for such an old codger.

"Everything is going," moaned Bones. "Even my mind is going. Why, just a few days ago in a very important and intellectual speech in front of students and real teachers in the chapel, I couldn't even remember the name of one of my very favorite pupils. It's just lucky he was a jock and it didn't matter."

I assured Bones that he looked like a hundred and that he didn't have a worry in the world about being mistaken for anyone really old, like Wox Fetter, for instance.

"I don't care anymore," screamed Bones, kicking big cracks into the green fur of the golf course. "I used to be gorgeous and ravishing, but no more." At this point the distraught child-star crawled, sobbing, over to the flag and stuck his once-lovely head into the cup, vowing never to take it out. (see next issue).

So golfers, as you approach the seventh green on the Handliton course, don't putt it in the wrong hole.



An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

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Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

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"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin." —D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula." —Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair." —C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it." —Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick." —F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much." —Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker." —G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling." —R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it." —L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!" —Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

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RUSH THIS NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

Bizarre Tale: Prof. Murders Twenty Students During Lecture

by BENJAMIN J. WEASEL

(At a small prep-school, Handliton College, came a story of shocking terror and apathy this week. The horrible facts emerged on Wednesday at the arraignment of Donald Bebster, a government instructor at Handliton. It seems that Bebster became obsessed with his doctoral thesis entitled "Vermont. My Relatives, and Me;" so obsessed did he become that he forgot his seventy some odd students.

Last week, his forgetfullness cost 20 of them their lives!! BELIEVE IT OR NOT - - - THEY DIED OF BOREDOM!!!! As incredulous as this sounds, boredom is a common disease at this small prep-school, yet rarely proves fatal.)

On this day, however, Bebster came late to class after being engrossed with his thesis. After admitting that, "I really hadn't had time to look into today's topic," Bebster launched into a discussion of Vermont Democrats and his Uncle Chuck.

Bebster went on for 30 minutes, then told his class that he had to leave for a meeting. (HE REALLY WENT TO WORK ON HIS THESIS!!!!) He left so fast that he did not notice that his students failed to move.

IT WASN'T UNTIL AN HOUR LATER THAT ANYONE REALIZED THAT THE 20 STUDENTS WEREN'T BORED, BUT BORED TO DEATH!!!! (see photo above).

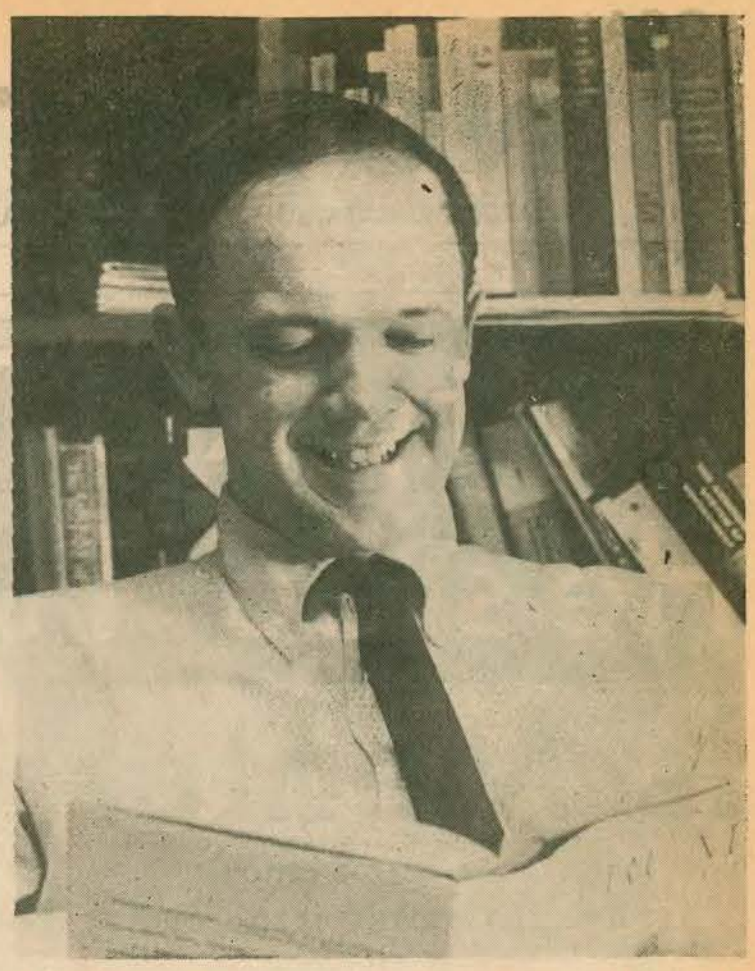
Bustin Priggs, Associate Professor of Glibness and Smooth-Talking, happened upon the macabre scene and recognizing the symptoms of death by boredom, which he had previously observed in some of his own classes, sounded the first alarm. Franklin P. Grunt came running to the scene and said to Priggs, "So what?" Also there and not at all disturbed by the gruesome sight of mass murder were: Circus Barker, Professor of Cocktail Party Art; Fright Dwindling, Instructor in Nesbitt-Watching; Sob Farcen, long-time Professor of Sig Social Life; and John Allright, little boy.

Finally the stiffs were dragged out, and a mass funeral was held in the college cemetery, where Handliton has most of its roots. All the stiffs except one, who had scrawled in his otherwise empty government notebook, "I will never fail ya; I will my genitalia," (see p. 2) were buried.

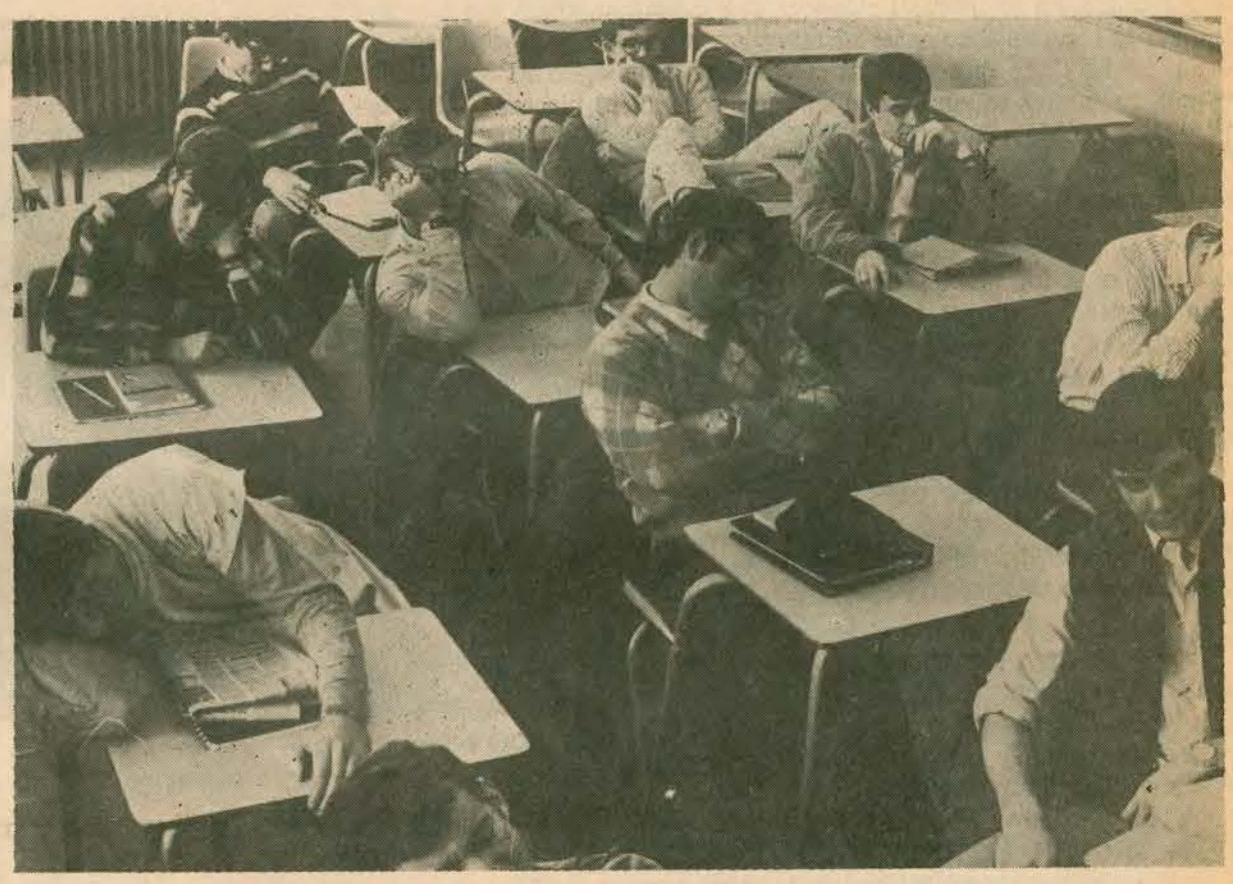
At the ceremony conducted by Gaullen Miller, Associate Dean Badly Deludes was overheard commenting, "Although I had nothing to do with this tragedy, I support it completely."

But the college and Bebster may be in for trouble. The twenty student's parents are suing.

Asked at his arraignment why he was so boring, Bebster replied, "I was just following orders from my superiors, Boring M. E. Richardson and Glandon Rocks."



PROFESSOR BEBSTER — the man with mass murder on the mind!



THEY DIED WITH NOTHING on their minds or notebooks.

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Shameless Deception

(Continued from Page 12)

editor to Handliton in an effort to see this amazing human mouthpiece and received this horrendous confession:

"Of course I lie for bread. Who wouldn't? I really hate this dump, but where else can I get an assistant to help me do nothing?"

Nothing seemed to shame Bull Heaver, not even the suggestion that the deceiving of innocent high school students and alumni was wrong.

"Look at these 800 wing-wangs," Heaver proclaimed, "they love it here; and who wouldn't with all these pretty whitewashed buildings?"

We chipped some of the whitewash off one of the office walls (first office to your right as you enter Root Hall) and found blackest soot and grime. We then confronted Heaver with this harrowing find.

"Tough toenails," bellowed Bull, "the dopes here don't deserve any better. Those office walls have been begrimed for three years. If the college hasn't wised up by now, they deserve all they get."

As we left Bull Heaver he was crawling on his hands and knees into President John Measley Handler's office, balancing a big bucket of whitewash on his head. A black telephone mouthpiece was stuck in his mouth.

The last glimpse we had of him, Bull Heaver was dumping quarts and quarts of the white ooze all over the President's chair — and perhaps the President too — but WEIRDER THAN LIFE — PRESIDENT HANDLER WAS WHITEWASHED BY THE TRUSTEES ALREADY!!!!

LOCAL

INQUISITOR

The Local Inquisitor, **published this once and never again by The Local Inquisitor Tabloid, Inc., Clinton, New York 13323; Landis K. Smith, editor; Vincent Strully, assistant; the** Spectator **staff, et al. Printed by Clinton Courier, Inc. This is the Humor issue of the** Spectator, **published annually at Winter Carnival by the students of Hamilton College. It is intended in jest, and any implication of defamation of character is unintentional. Editor-in-Chief, Roderick G. Baldwin.**

LOCAL

INQUISITOR

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY WEEKLY PAPER IN AMERICA

FEBRUARY 23, 1968

Nutty Kid Thinks He's So 'Funny'! Is Mental Case!

by W. KELLY TAN and RICARDO CEYLON

AT A SMALL UPSTATE COLLEGE, 800 STUDENTS HAVE BANDED TOGETHER TO HELP *ONE!!!*

The one student, Barry Whinesob, is afflicted with a strange mental condition previously unknown to medical science. The condition, which has attacked Whinesob's psyche requires that he be the center of attention whenever he is with people.

If he isn't the center, if his continuous monologue isn't laughed at hysterically by all present, he begins to whine and sob and goes all to pieces. He has been known to throw things at people when they fail to laugh at what *he* thinks is hilarious wit.

Doctors have been unable to find a cure for this weird condition. One eminent psychiatrist calls it "a textbook classic; it will probably be known in the future as Whinesob's syndrome."

Because of this tragic condition 800 Handliton College students have banded together to save this one troubled soul!!!

They make him the center of attraction whenever he is with them. They laugh at his jokes even tho' they are rarely funny. They tell him how much they admire him and his intellect — EVEN THOUGH MOST OF THEM DON'T.

In the photos above Whinesob is seen performing his dull plays. Yet 800 laughed at him and applauded the performance. For three and one-half years these self-sacrificing students have done their part to keep Whinesob from doing back flips off the deep end.

To these students Whinesob has been an albatross around their necks. Yet they have borne the load unflinchingly.

Whinesob's girl (see photo) however, could not take it and fled.

The students at Handliton can only hope that Whinesob's condition is not communicable. Because, they feel, more than one Whinesob would be too great a burden to bear.

WHINESOB IS TRYING to be funny in this scene from one of his notoriously **Boring** Chapel skits. The student and faculty audience once again has to feign laughter in order to keep this nut from cracking up!

CRAZY FOR ATTENTION Whinesob is seen here with one of his strange friends once again thinking he is being 'funny'!

"I'm So Funny" So He Thinks; Ho, Ho, Yecch! But Needs Help

WHINESOB'S GIRL couldn't take the strain of his condition any longer. The girl, from nearby Kaz College, freaked out one Houseparty weekend and has been sleeping with this motorcycle ever since.

'I Lie for Bread'

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT!!! ONE MAN, FOR THE LAST 8 YEARS, HAS WHITEWASHED AN ENTIRE COLLEGE EVERY YEAR!!!

Bull Heaver — a Batten, Barton, Durstein, and Osborne reject — whitewashes the entire physical plant, intellectual atmosphere, and social milieu of insignificant Handliton College every single year they keep him on.

AND, WEIRDER THAN WEIRD, THEY DO PAY HIM ! ? ! ? YEEEECCHH !

Every year, starting in September, Bull Heaver begins to whitewash his school, building by building. Starting with Dunham, then going on to the fraternities, and finally expending most of his effort on Buttrick, Heaver paints every wall a pristine white.

WHY DOES HE PERFORM THIS STRANGE ANNUAL RITE? WHAT WEIRD POWER CONTROLS BULL HEAVER??? WHAT MAD COMPULSION DRIVES HIM TO THIS HURCULEAN TASK?!?!?

MONEY! Bull Heaver does it all for money! Bul Heaver really knows that Handliton College is a veritable cesspool of ineptitude and incompetence, BUT HE ALSO KNOWS ON WHICH SIDE HIS BREAD IS BUTTERED!

We immediately dispatched our ballyhoo

(Continued on Page 11)